10c. A COPY $1 A YEAR

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress o March 3, 1879.

Vol. III JULY, 1908 No. 5

WHAT SHALL REPAY FOR WASTE OF LIFE?

By GRACE FALLOW NORTON.

What shall repay for waste of life?
What shall repay for pain?
O, what shall give the land its food,
If the young wheat has no rain?
How shall the reaper call it good,
If trampled it has lain?

O, what shall give a land its men,
If children fight its wars—
If youth to the market-place they bring,
And man his manhood mars,
To give some king a golden ring,
Or his lords their gilded stars?

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

AS a people our most characteristic trait is undoubtedly mental indolence. We are simply too lazy to think. When the average man says, "I think so and so," he merely means that he believes it because his grandmother told him so, or because he was taught so in his school-days, or because he read it in the morning papers. "If you see it in the Daily Moon, it's so," quite correctly mirrors the mental process of the average man.

All through the breadth of this land the people are celebrating Independence Day. They are celebrating because they have been told that they are a free and independent people. Not one in a thousand but what knows himself to be a slave, an exploited wage-earner, a dependent. Yet he shoots off firecrackers (and his mouth) in honor of his alleged independence. Nothing is more tragic than this spectacle of a whole people deluded into ecstasies over "constitutional rights and liberties" more mythical than the Olympian gods. The mere mention of the Constitution calls forth a smile on the faces of the political augurs. But the people, the great mass of the disinherited, go on merrily celebrating an alleged independence, the last vestiges of which have long since disappeared.

Some day, indeed, there will be an awakening. In the meantime the voice that dares speak the truth is jeered at and is lost amid the din of patriotically drunk celebrants.

* * *

IT has become a common occurrence to hear of a "free-born" American citizen sent to prison for an expression of opinion. Of course, the Constitution guarantees free speech, but the judicial interpretation of the latter is synonymous with concurrence in popular opinions.

The latest victim is Freeman Knowles, editor of *The Lantern*, at Deadwood, S. D., who was recently convicted in a Federal court of sending through the mails "lewd, obscene, and lascivious" matter. It appears that the "obscene" matter was published in the *Lantern* over a year ago, and that the prosecution is a mere blind, the local politicians seeking in this way to revenge themselves upon Knowles who dared to expose the crooked-

ness and graft of their clique. Incidentally, Knowles had commented favorably upon Haywood and Moyer during their trial, voicing his protest against the conspiracy of the mine owners to hang these men.

Naturally, such impudence had to be punished. Knowles is evidently an undesirable citizen. What better place than a prison cell for an editor who dares sympathize with a blacklisted workingman? The powers that be cannot permit the journalists to demoralize their servants, the people, by openly publishing the truth, either in matters industrial, social, or moral. Such a man is very dangerous; hence the authorities, faithful partners of the mine owners, had to terrify possible emulators by making an example.

Knowles probably realizes by this time that between Comstock, Mrs. Grundy, and the plutocrats the Constitution has been knouted to death.

* * *

THE "dignity" of American labor is fitly personified in Samuel Gompers, president of the greatest body of organized producers.

The country held its breath as the great leader thundered his revolutionary threat into the very presence of the masters. "You shall reap a terrible revolution," he cried, and a shudder of fearful expectation filled his world-wide audience. There was an omiñous silence. Every ear strained to catch the significant words, as Gompers solemnly added, "if you will not embody my typewritten paper in the Republican platform."

The Parrys, at first frightened, now burst into uproarious laughter. They felt there was no real danger as long as the workingmen had faith in platforms. Then, angered by their momentary betrayel of fear, they contemptuously kicked the gauntlet which Gompers had thrown at their feet: the enemy was not worthy the honor of a combat.

Then Sammy tightened his armor and prepared to repeat the performance on the Democratic stage.

* * *

BUT the situation is really very serious, pathetic beyond words. What a spectacle! The greatest labor body of the world, representing a majority of the organ-

ized producers of the country's wealth, crawling in abject humiliation before a handful of parasites! More terrible than the vain threat of a possible revolution is this degradation, this slavish helplessness of millions of men.

The degeneracy of labor's spirit is due directly to the misleaders systematically fostering faith in representation, legislation, and reliance in reforms from above. Thus has the workingman been reduced to a beggar of charity at the door of his exploiters. How long is this to continue? The history of American labor within the last two decades abundantly proves the absolute hopelessness of improving the conditions of labor through legislation. Such attempts merely paralyze the workingman's self-reliance and still deeper drag him into the mire of corruption. When the producer once awakens to the full realization of his degradation and learns to understand that politics are the most effective weapon of his own enslavement, he will cease to beg favors of the masters. Nor will he make himself ridiculous by a fool's ineffectual threat. He will rise from the ground, look the enemy boldly in the face, and say to all plutocratic and labor "representatives," "Get off my back, ye parasites!"

* * *

THERE was a time when Socialism was both an ideal and a philosophy. As an ideal its motto was individual liberty, universal brotherhood, the equality of all. As a philosophy it sought to emancipate through enlightenment: to strike off man's moral and intellectual shackles on the anvil of Liberty; to drive out the ghosts of ignorance and superstition by throwing open the portals of knowledge; to build the City Beautiful of peace and harmony on the ruins of darkness, misery, and corruption.

Then Socialism was also revolutionary. Inevitably so: all history teaches that the way to liberty leads through struggle.

But that was the era of an unscientific, impractical age, the pre-Socialist-politics age, the day of the idle dreamers. How different Socialism is to-day! With what conscious pride the partisan may now point to mod-

ern Socialism, grown to maturity in the light of the materialistic conception of its great destiny.

Modern Socialism has become "scientific, class-conscious, and practical." From a grand social philosophy it has deteriorated into a mere political party, its leading journalistic and propagandistic mouthpieces vieing with the corrupt bourgeois politicians in the trade of vote-catching. The former philosophy is now "scientifically popularized" into easy platform planks, calculated to offend no one. Modern Socialism, made up-to-date by "experienced, practical" men, has turned the ideal into a "primarily economic and political movement." In the lexicon of the new Socialism enlightenment is equivalent to vote-gathering; intelligence and comprehension are synonymous with Marxism; scientific means State-Socialistic; liberty, obedience to party rule; equality, uniform faith in Socialist dogmas. The motto of the unpractical idealists, "Workkingmen of all countries, unite!" is interpreted by the light of modern Socialism into strict immigration laws; heresy is punished by excommunication; individual initiative, enlightenment, and independence of thought and action—all are suppressed for the "good of the party." Shades of Lassale! The ballot-box has become the life-essence of "scientific" Socialism.

* * *

CONSIDERING the bourgeois development of modern Socialism, one will easily understand the logic of its recent national convention in voting religion a private matter. Not that this latest declaration of American Socialism can boast at least the virtue of originality. Our "scientific" stepbrothers are too busy with "practical affairs" to bother about ideas—the latter can be had ready-made in Germany. Why lose time in thinking on your own account, when it's so much cheaper to import your planks,—and time is money in this country.

The Socialists of Germany have declared religion a private matter almost two decades ago. Though somewhat belated, the national convention of American Socialists is quite right in resolving that "Socialism is not concerned with religious beliefs." The unscientific might argue that religion has been the curse of humanity; that the church was ever the bitterest foe of progress and

enlightenment; that it has paralyzed man's mind, degraded and humiliated him, and steeped the people in ignorance, prejudice, and superstition. The impractical idealists might say that the church was ever on the side of the master as against the slave, and that religion inculcates, especially in the youthful mind, obedience to tyrants, an humble, self-effacing spirit, and supine contentment with things as they are. But such objections are unscientific as regards Socialism. The latter is a respectable political party; it must not fly in the face of public opinion; it were impractical to antagonize possible voters. What, after all, has Socialism to do with a man's beliefs, as long as he casts his ballot for our candidate?

With such tactics the Socialists will ere long win their fight. Unfortunately, we shall then be further from liberty and beauty than we are now.

* * *

WE greet the resurrection of *Eugenics*, which the Federal authorities have been at so much pains to suppress. Its publisher, Moses Harman, typifies that spirit which neither goal nor gibbet succeeds in eradicating. Advanced in years, yet young and virile in mind, he is more eager in the battle for liberty than the young generation. There was indeed a time when the Harman type abounded in the country,—men who loved liberty and dared to suffer for it. To them America owes whatever of greatness it possesses. But the Paines and Jeffersons, the Garrisons and Phillipses seem to have disappeared, and their place is taken by intellectual and moral rough riders. There was never more need of those noble, daring spirits, and never such a deplorable lack of them.

All honor to the persecuted Moses Harman and to his valiant *Eugenics*. May success crown their renewed efforts at Los Angeles.

LABOR AND POLITICS

By W. C. OWEN.

THIS great labor question, with which the whole world groans, can never be settled by politics—never, never. It is not in the nature of things that you can evade the issue by electing a few officials to do for you what every principle of manhood demands that you should do for yourselves. You are the victims of this gigantic robbery that manufactures a few disgusting millionaires and an enormous army of still more disgusting "have-nothings." It is you, the victims, who have to right this giant wrong, and you should be ashamed to try to work it off on a few politicians.

You have had this political representative system in full blast in this country for over a hundred years, and never yet have politics given the slightest relief to the starving mass. Only when the people have taken the bit in their own mouths and demanded, in tones so threatening that rulers dared not ignore them, has anything been done. What is the use of the experience of all these years if we are not to learn by it?

Not only have politics been absolutely useless for relief; they have been most injurious. They have split you, who *must* unite your forces on fundamental questions, into warring camps, making you the slaves of partizanship and party catchwords that mean nothing except place and power for the ambitious politicians who pull the wool over your eyes. Worse than this; thousands of good men, who began their careers as honest enthusiasts, fired with the conception of the monstrous wrongs inherent in our present system, have now become, through their connection with politics, corrupt opportunists, who think only of what will pay them, or their party, best. They cover up facts; they evade main issues; they distract your attention from the all-important to the utterly non-essential, and thus they do the very thing that those who wish the present reign of injustice continued most earnestly desire. These professional labor and reform politicians are the worst of all your enemies, for they put you off, and off, and off with promises that they have no intention of fulfilling, and that, by the nature of things, never can be fulfilled.

We Anarchists, therefore, are no politicians. We bend our energies solely and entirely to getting the masses to understand, with the utmost clearness, the methods by which they are robbed and held in poverty and servitude. We tell them the whole truth, as far as we are able to see it. We do not allow ourselves to be seduced from this mission of telling the bare and naked truth by any considerations of whether it will help or hurt our party. We have no party; no places that we are after; no power that we covet; no private axes of any kind to grind. We thoroughly understand that this is what gives us our strength, and that the moment we depart from that position it will be high time to throw us also on the rubbish heap.

At this coming election desperate efforts will be made to convince you that in Taft, who can only say "God help the starving workingman," or in Bryan, who dodges every fundamental issue, you will find the Moses who will lead you out of the wilderness of want. It is the same old skin game that has been played on you for years, and on your fathers and grandfathers before you.

Refuse to play it. This is by far the best thing you can do, for your own interests. The politician lives by the support of your votes, and that alone. Withhold your support, and his occupation will be gone. Then there will be something doing. There is bound to be.

What we say respecting the Republican and Democratic parties applies with still greater force to the Socialist party. We do not oppose that party because you would be throwing away your vote, but because it is today a lie and a sham, and, like all lies and shams, a most irritating stumbling block. It professes to be revolutionary, but is, in reality, a profoundly reactionary, vote-gathering machine.

We do not ask you to take our word for it. We simply invite you to consider its actions at its latest convention in Chicago; the convention that it is boasting of as the most successful it ever held. On every important question—the restriction of immigration, the organized labor movement, the nationalization of the means of production, which is supposed to be the sheet anchor of its entire movement—on these and many other questions, as to which a man or party remaining true to principle can-

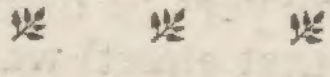
not hesitate for a moment, it compromised with an adroitness worthy of the most hardened politician.

We repeat, it showed itself, openly and brazen-facedly, a compromising, vote-gathering machine of the worst type; straddling every issue that threatened to lose it a vote, and ostracising and punishing, so far as lay in its power, every man who ventured to raise an independent voice.

There is nothing whatever for you in this. You do not want to become party sheep; mere cogs in a political machine. You want to become independent men and women. You do not want to be disciplined when you venture to differ with these new political bosses. What you want is to be encouraged to raise your voice just as loudly as does anyone else in the great uproar that has to be made before the social question can be solved, and equal liberty won for every man and woman in the country.

It is absurdity itself to suppose that a party that has become, at so early a stage, so unmistakeably degenerate can ever hope to exercise any truly revolutionary influence; but it may remain an irritating stumbling block and aid to oppression for several years if injudiciously ignored or, still more foolishly, encouraged.

Let it die its natural and inevitable death as speedily and peacefully as possible. Do not spend one second of your time, or one ounce of your energy, in prolonging the agony of its certain dissolution.



THE PHILADELPHIA FARCE

AFTER the lapse of nearly four months from "the riot" of last February, the case of the "Commonwealth of Pennsylvania vs. Hyman Weinberg and Voltairine de Cleyre" was called for trial on the 17th of June, the trial Judge being Mayer Sulzberger, a gentleman having the reputation of being somewhat more inclined to weigh the rights of citizens as against the attacks of the police than some other judges.

On the morning of the 17th, Weinberg and myself, the witnesses for the defense, and our respective lawyers were all ready in the court room. The State, however,

was not ready; one of the arresting officers was not present.

Some very animated wrangling then took place between the Judge and the lawyers, in which the Judge, so far from upholding the dignity of office, presented, to me at least, the curious appearance of a scolding old woman; the effect was no doubt heightened by the black, and somewhat out-of-date dress he wears. Under the regular rules of criminal court procedures, the case would then have gone over to the next term of court, but the result of the wrangling was that the case was continued to the next day. Accordingly, we appeared on the morning of June 18. The officer was now present, but the chief witness, in fact the only witness, was absent. The Prosecuting Attorney asked for a continuance of the case to search for the witness. The Judge ordered that the witness be called. The crier of the court holloed "John Ká-ret, John Ka-rét." No response. Another crier went down the hall and out into the corridor calling "John Ka-rét." John Karet did not appear.

The Judge asked if the State had Karet's sworn testimony at the hearing in the Magistrate's court. Upon the affidavit being produced, the Judge elected to "read it himself because it was easier." Having done so, he doubled the paper up with a rather disgusted face, remarking "If that is all your evidence, we will 'submit the bill' to the jury."

A motion of our lawyers to dismiss the case (or some legal phraseology to that effect) was denied by the Judge; the prosecution said it had other witnesses.

At this point Attorney Nelson asked the Court to appoint a stenographer, which was refused by the Judge with the remark: "This Court is not here for the purpose of furnishing campaign literature to anybody."

We then engaged a stenographer on our own account; what follows is the verbatim report of the "trial."

COMMONWEALTH
vs.
HYMAN WEINBERG and
VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

Court of Quarter Sessions.
March Sessions, 1908.
No. 18.

Before HONORABLE MAYER SULZBERGER, P. J., and a Jury.

Philadelphia, June 18, 1908.

Present, of counsel:
MORRIS WOLF, Esq., Asst. District Attorney, for the Prosecution; and
HENRY JOHN NELSON, Esq., and HENRY N. WESSEL, Esq., for the Defendants.

COMMONWEALTH'S EVIDENCE.

RALPH GOLD, called by Commonwealth, sworn.

By MR. WOLF:
Q. You are a special officer of the 33rd District?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. You arrested those defendants?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. When?
A. February 20th.
Q. 1908. Where?
A. I arrested Mr. Weinberg at Fifth and Lombard, in a restaurant, and also Mrs. De Cleyre at her home.
Q. Under what circumstances did you make the arrest?
By THE COURT:
Q. What do you know about them?
A. In fact, we know nothing; only the warrant sworn out by this Karat.
Q. What do you know about the case?
A. Nothing.
Q. Did they confess anything to you?
A. Nothing.
Q. Did they say anything to you?
A. Nothing at all.
By MR. WOLF:
Q. What did they say at the time you arrested them?
A. Nothing at all. I only placed them under arrest and said what it was for.
Q. They said nothing?
A. They said nothing; no, sir.
Q. Your first information was when this man Karat came to you?
A. He came to us and said these people were speaking.
Q. He said nothing in your presence ?
A. Only at the hearing.
Q. You know nothing more about it?
A. No, sir.
(No cross-examination.)

JOSEPH VIGNOLA, called by Commonwealth, sworn.

By MR. WOLF:
Q. You are a special officer?
A. Yes, sir; of the 33rd District.
Q. Did you participate in the arrest of these defendants?
A. No, sir.
Q. What do you know about this case?

A. I don't know anything about the case at all. I don't know how my name comes on the bill.
(No cross-examination.)

JOHN J. FOX, called by Commonwealth, sworn.

By MR. WOLF:
Q. You are a special officer of the 2nd District?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. What do you know about the case?
A. All I know is information received from John Karat, who swore out the warrant for Voltairine De Cleyre, and we arrested her.
Q. Were you present at the meeting at which the statements were said to have been made?
A. No, sir.
Q. Did you have a conversation with either of the defendants?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. What did they say about it?
A. They didn't have anything to say.
Q. Did you have any conversation with Karat in the presence of the defendants?
A. Only at the hearing—that is, the hearing room.
Q. Do you know where Karat is now?
A. No, sir.
(No cross-examination.)

CHARLES PALMA, called by Commonwealth, sworn.

By MR. WOLF:
Q. Do you know anything about the case?
A. I don't know anything about this case.
Q. Nothing at all?
A. Nothing at all.
Q. Nor about the defendants?
A. I don't know anything about them.
Q. Nor about Karat?
A. Not a thing.
(No cross-examination.)

LOUIS GREEN, called by Commonwealth, sworn.

By MR. WOLF:
Q. You are a guard at City Hall?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. Do you know anything about the facts of this case?
A. No, sir; nothing about the case.
Q. Or about the defendants?
A. No, sir.
Q. Or about Karat?
A. No, sir.
Q. Do you know how your name got on the bill?
A. At the time the arrest was made they brought me in to the hearing at Central Station. There was a couple of letters that was written in Yiddish that they give me, that I should read through a few lines—

Q. You translated them?
A. Yes.
Q. To whom were those letters addressed?
A. They were addressed to a little town in the State of New Jersey.
Q. I mean to what person?
A. It doesn't state. It doesn't state any person.
Q. Who gave you the letters?
A. The Assistant District Attorney, Mr. Rogers.
Q. Have you them now or did he take them back?
A. He took them with him.
(No cross-examination.)

JEAN H. BENIAKOFF, called by Commonwealth, sworn.
By MR. WOLF:

Q. You are an official interpreter in the Courts of Philadelphia?
A. I am; yes, sir.
Q. There were given to you certain letters.
A. Yes.
Q. Purporting to be addressed to whom?
A. To Mr. Weinberg.
Q. By whom were they given to you?
A. By Mr. Rogers, of the District Attorney's office.
Q. Did you translate those letters?
A. I read the letters.
Q. In what language are they ?
A. In Yiddish.
Q. Have you them with you now?
A. I gave them to you a while ago.
Q. You showed them to me. I didn't know what they were. How many are there?
A. Ten letters. You have them.
Q. You say that you read them all?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. Is there anything in these letters which could be considered as at all inciting to Anarchy?
A. No, sir.
Q. Will you state what the substance of these letters was?
(Objected to by defendants.)
Q. Did Voltairine De Cleyre write them?
MR. WESSELS: No. They were written to Weinberg and were found in his possession. I object to the letters.

(Commonwealth rests.)

(Defendants move that, under the direction of the Court, the bill be submitted and verdicts of not guilty taken.)
THE COURT. Gentlemen of the Jury: Under the evidence produced by the Commonwealth, which is no evidence at all against the defendants, you are, of course, to find a verdict of not guilty.

Comment is unnecessary.

The court officers began hustling us out; but presently we were recalled. Mr. Wessel, attorney for Weinberg, was asking that the police return Mr. Weinberg's watch and letters which had been kept ever since the arrest. The Judge was endeavoring to be witty. "What!" said he to the police officer, "is there any law in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania which says that because a man makes a fool of himself, the police should therefore take away his watch?" All the sycophants laughed. Personally, I think it was a gratuitous insult, since the Judge had no evidence whatever to suppose Weinberg had "made a fool of himself," and had just been saying he had not. Mr. Wessel arose with a smile, "But, your Honor, what we want now is the watch!"

"O give the man his watch," protested the Judge.

"And the letters."

More talk about the letters, and then the Judge, forgetting his former two-edged cut at the police and at Weinberg, remarked with judicial dignity, "When a man is put under arrest, he is searched, and his property taken charge of for his own protection!" . . .

And so, "for his own protection," the police had been holding Weinberg's watch for four months, while he was out on bail! This is the limit.

I wish to thank all contributors to our defense, and to say that we have still work to do. Four men are in prison, under most rigorous and unjust sentences. We wish to do what can be done towards freeing these men or supporting their families till they are free.

Those who wish to assist in the work may communicate with Joseph Cohen, 859 N. 7th St., Philadelphia.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE man of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys.
Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men and, of the human frame,
A mechanized automaton.

Shelley.

DEFYING THE GODS

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

THAT the Lord is a spiteful old gentleman everybody knows. He is never more content than when he can make his children feel his Almighty power. As to the unfortunate ones born of Lucifer,—such as the Anarchists, for instance,—no punishment is ever adequate to their crime. To deal with them God has created a special tribe, the uniformed species of man. Not that these latter are particularly in love with their Maker, nor do they bother much about his commands. But in their superstitious fear of his Satanic Majesty they are ever anxious to obey the divine rival in a true Christian spirit.

Of late, however, these faithfuls have made themselves too ridiculous to suit even the Lord himself. Disgusted with the conditions below, he determined to call a council to devise the best ways and means of freeing the heavenly State from that most stubborn and unyielding disease, Anarchism.

One of the chief advisers suggested more stringent regulations in watching the portals of the Sacred Shrine. But that had already been tried and found wanting. Anarchists were known to be a gay lot, who never applied for admission to that dull and monotonous place, except as a last resort.

"Deport them," suggested another counsellor, Mr. Oscar Straus, one of the Lord's own chosen people. The suggestion threw the Almighty into a fearful spasm. "Deport them!" he thundered, "shall I begin with my own Son, then? That would prove the scandal of the ages. It's well enough for a father to kill his child, but deport him,—never!"

He that seeeth and knoweth all, however, would not be discouraged by the imbecile advice of the heavenly ministers. "True, Anarchism cannot be destroyed," mused the Divine Father, "it has withstood all forms of persecution. Some Anarchists cannot even be damned; there is that devilish E. G. What have my uniformed angels not done to her; still, here she is, as irrepressible as ever. She has now visited twenty-seven cities and blasphemed me and my sacred institutions ninety times. If she could only be disposed of!"

At last a divine, a heavenly thought: "A flood, a kingdom for a flood!" Casting about, his all-seeing eye beheld that insignificant speck of his domain, the United States, finally resting upon the snow peaks of the Montana mountains. He had once turned their hearts into ice when he had permitted his image to rob the hills and forests of their native sons. He now sent a huge ball of fire to bathe the white caps in a flood of light, and when the mountains beheld the glittering gold it seemed to them the reflex of their own treasures that greed had taken from their bowels and transmuted into tears. It made them weep—but not the subdued, quiet, cowardly tears of the slave; theirs were rebellious tears: wild, passionate tears of anger, rushing in torrents and floods down the white, pale cheeks, tearing and devastating everything in their path. And what the police failed to accomplish, the gods succeeded.

* * *

June first I left for Butte after two very successful meetings at Spokane. On the second of the month I was but seventy-five miles from Butte, only to find that hundreds of miles of railroad track and numerous bridges had been washed away, and that there was no possibility of going on or turning back west, unless one wished to tempt Providence. However, the true rebel is he who defies even the elements. To make these seventy-five miles I travelled twenty-three hundred, on foot, over mountains and canyons, forging on horseback and team creeks six and seven feet deep, by steamer and rail. It was a trip most interesting and difficult, and not without danger. It took two weeks and involved an additional expense of a hundred and seventy-five dollars, but it landed me in Butte and made the Lord ashamed of himself.

Like many other cities that I had visited, Butte promised many interesting features. Rev. L. J. Duncan, a Unitarian minister of broad and revolutionary mind and sweet spirit, tendered me an invitation to speak in his church, which advertised my coming and brought the wrath of the stupid and ignorant upon Mr. Duncan's head. Had I been able to fill my dates at the moment, Butte would have proved most successful. But I arrived two weeks later. Meanwhile the press was silenced by

the Amalgamated: John D. Rockefeller, Morgan, and Clark, the sole owners of everything in that city, including the souls of the people. The mistress of capitalism that thrives on the advertising of gambling resorts, brothels, and mining swindles could not consistently accept such a disreputable ad as the announcement of Emma Goldman's lecture. But in spite of the conspiracy of silence I addressed nine meetings and disposed of a large quantity of literature.

In our next issue I shall bring my impressions of the occurrences and people I met on the tour, and I shall devote considerable space to Butte. So I will say no more about the latter now, except to quote a friend's clever characterization: "Butte is built on a bluff."

Helena, Montana, may not be built on one, but it is one. It is about the snuggest, most self-contented, bigoted, and mentally decrepit little town I have ever visited. I addressed two meetings there and was scheduled for a debate with Mrs. Ida Crouch-Hazlitt, editor of the *Montana News*. But thanks to the malicious stupidity of the City Council the debate did not take place. This body of old fossils hurriedly called a meeting to decree that I should not speak on Anarchism. Yet that very hour, within a stone's throw of the City Hall, I was expounding to a large audience what Anarchism stands for.

Mrs. Hazlitt, one of the few rebellious and broad-minded Socialists, had secured the City Auditorium for the meeting; but when it became known that she was to debate with me, the hall was refused and the deposit returned. However, my Socialist friend was not to be so easily suppressed. Finding the doors of the Auditorium closed, she addressed the assembled mass in front of the hall, handling the City Hayseeds in the most unceremonious manner. Mrs. Hazlitt deserves particular credit for calling the attention of the people to the gross misrepresentation of Anarchism and of myself. It is to be hoped that her spirit of fair play will not be punished by excommunication from the party, as happened in the case of C. Riddle.

Helena completed the most eventful and successful tour of my public career. Everything seemed to conspire to make it so: police malice, newspaper stupidity, and persecution. A great deal of credit, however, for

my success is due to the untiring efforts of a comrade well-known to the readers of MOTHER EARTH, Alexander Horr. He acted as my advance agent, tramping from city to city, often at the risk of limb and life. Indeed, I know of no one as absolutely oblivious of his own needs and eager to aid the propaganda.

I cannot close this report without expressing my appreciation of the hospitality and kindness extended to me by all the comrades along the route.

* * *

Here I am again, then, at home—with MOTHER EARTH, the child of my heart's desire. Many friends will wonder why the magazine must appear in such scanty attire. It is simply because very little, almost no support is given to the magazine outside of my tour. Even our renewals have been much on the decline, possibly because of the hard times. The expenses of the publication are very considerable, and the magazine requires the undivided time of two persons, especially during my absence. And while they neither ride about in motor cars nor dine at St. Regis', they can not live on air. (There is not enough to go around even of that in New York, particularly in the summer.)

I had hoped to return with a sum sufficient to keep the magazine out of debt during the summer. But the Montana experience swallowed up a great deal more than the receipts in that State.* And so we shall have the usual summer complaint of all radical publications. Yet I am not at all discouraged. On the contrary, I am more hopeful for MOTHER EARTH than ever. I would only request our readers, who for some reason have not yet renewed their subscription, to do so at once; that is really the least any one of you can do if the magazine is to continue.

And now to work and preparation for the coming winter.

---

* See Sustaining Fund.

THE EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT IN FRANCE

A. BRUCKERE, in *La Guerre Sociale.*

SUFFICIENT time has now elapsed to enable one to form a correct opinion as to the merits of the great working class movement for an eight-hour day, inaugurated May 1st, 1906.

When the Syndicalist Congress at Bourges, having defeated the Reformists, became imbued with the spirit of its revolutionary elements, it decided on a general movement for an eight-hour day—an audacious decision which provoked a tempest of criticism.

"Vain folly," groaned Keufer,* "How much greater results would one obtain by the co-operation of classes, by the mixed committees of workers and masters."

"Anarchy!" cried Guesde,† gnashing his teeth. "To what purpose are these efforts, when it would be sufficient to use the ballot in order to obtain not only the eight-hour day, but also the rest, the total victory."

Who was right?

The agitation for an eight-hour day proved a great object lesson both in perseverance and in Socialism.

The workingman, suffering from his hereditary disease, slow starvation, has always lacked tenacity of effort. But systematic propaganda during eighteen months (September, 1904—May, 1906) imbued the producer with that great virtue—perseverance. The working class gradually became accustomed to long campaigns, concerted plans, and determined action. The results were highly beneficial to the workingmen. They learned to understand that their emancipation could proceed only from their own personal efforts, and that they could not rely on any exterior aid nor on the beneficence of the State.

The eight-hour agitation was also an object lesson in Socialism.

During eighteen months it was the class-war—the true class-war—far better than any electoral campaign. The working class took cognizance of itself. Twenty years of preaching of an abstract doctrine could leave hardly

---

* Leader of the Conservative Unionists, or Reformists.

† Leader of the orthodox Marxists.

a trace, but action—action, the sovereign educator—made this doctrine at once palpable, comprehensible, and living. The discussion and struggles engendered by the demand for eight hours rendered obvious, to all who participated, several essential principles of Socialism. Who does not remember the memorable panic of the bourgeoisie on May 1st, 1906?

From another point of view, and that is perhaps its greatest result, the movement raised the C. G. T. (General Labor Federation of France) to the highest plane of political actuality.

Founded obscurely in 1895, it was only in the struggle against the registry offices (1902-1904), and in the eight-hour campaign (1904-1906) that the *Confédération Générale du Travail* proved its ability to combine the various syndicates into a powerful organization. No union could remain away, having realized the significance of such efforts. In a few years the Confederation grew to embody the vitality and unity of the syndical movement, alive with the inspiration of the revolutionists.

Since the eight-hour movement the co-operation of the capitalist and working classes seems to have disappeared, Millerandism and the mixed committee have been recognized as a humbug, and it is characteristic to hear Keufer (secretary of the Typographical Federation) declare to the Central Committee of his Federation (February 10th, 1906):

"In reality it is the abandonment of all amicable negotiation in order to enter into a period of combat. . . . I do not deny that it is a check for the tactics which I have always defended."

The eight-hour movement—a movement for class education first of all—has not yet resulted in the eight-hour day; nevertheless, it has already resulted in some notable partial results.

It is only necessary to compare the starvation wages of the gloomy weavers of the North—the inert electors of Guesde—living outside of federal activity, with the relatively high wages of the workers whose combative energy is vivified by the struggle.

Of 383 strikes for the shorter working day, in 1906, 201 ended in a total or partial success in spite of excep-

tional difficulties: the putting under martial law of several towns and the intervention of the government manifesting itself by 482 correctional condemnations.

The wood cutters of Cher have shortened their day of 15 hours to 10 hours and increased their wages 40 per cent.

The workers in the wine industry have gained the eight-hour day and 25 per cent. increase in wages.

The wages of tobacconists have grown in ten years from 5 frs. 15 to 5 frs. 90 (average for men); the wages of watchmakers, of whom 90 per cent. are in the C. G. T., have risen from 5 frs. to 6 frs. 68, with a nine-hour day.

The Parisian typographers, abandoning the Keufer method, have gained a nine-hour day and are paid 7 frs. 20 instead of 6 frs. 50.

In the building trade the results were particularly brilliant, and the new Unified Building Federation, continuing the agitation voted at Bourges, has won numerous victories.

Carpenters, terrace makers, stone cutters, bricklayers, plasterers, and others have lessened their hours and raised their wages.

Let us no longer prolong the enumeration, it is conclusive; success smiles on the audacious.

The Minister of Work has published some official statistics which enable us to measure the extent of the federal movement realized in 1906, despite the opposition of the masters, the police, and the trimmers.

	1905	1906
Number of strikes	830	1,309
Number of strikers	——	438,466
Number of days away from work	2,746,684	9,438,594

The most aggressive departments are the following:

	No. of strikers.
Seine	126,126
Pas-de-Calais	46,229
Nord	45,962
Loire	30,905
Rhone	22,631
Isère	18,337
Meurthe-et-Moselle	11,672
Bouches-du-Rhone	9,560

It is necessary to destroy that imbecile legend spread

abroad of the inefficacy of the French syndicates, because there does not exist a country in the world where the proportion of victories is a high as in France.

On the contrary, the English trade unions are powerless movements, and since the disaster of the great strike of engineers in 1897 they dare strike no more,—they feel themselves beaten in advance. Vain societies for mutual aid, etc., they assist in the lowering of the conditions of the English working class.

In establishing the percentage on a proper basis, that is to say on the number of days away from work, the proportion followed by total or partial success is, in France, as follows:

	No. of strikers benefited.
From 1890 to 1900.....	61.38 per cent.
From 1901 to 1904.....	79 " "
In 1905.....	83.24 " "

Eighty-three per cent. successful! Eloquence of figures! Why say more?

FLY LEAVES FROM RUSSIA

Tolia Ragozinnikova

TWILIGHT with its tosca, and the heaven clothed with color—red, ruddy, rubicund, and roseate. Among the dusk-dimmed groves a maiden wanders. How lovable she is, how lovable! For such as she the young men pine. They say they will wash her feet in love-tears, and with dew-drops bathe her head; put roses in her hair for nightingales to sing, and build for her a fairy sky bedecked with shining stars and little suns and crescent moons, and form patiently a rippling lake so she can tread on water-lilies and drink from petaled cups.

Upon a ferny mound she sits. How delicate she is, how delicate! For such as she the aves call. Fire-tailed, silver-winged, crimson-crested, olive-spotted, golden-feathered, sapphire-bellied, purple-throated birds. Dove and dayal and drepanis, swan and swallow and surnium, owl and ouzel and oriole, wren and woodstar and whip-poor-will, finch and falcon and florikan, thrush and throstle and touraco, pinc and peacock and pandion, hawk and hermit and humming-bird, breve and bulbul and bob-o-link, rook and robin and regulus, lark and lap-wing and lorius.

Beneath the boughs of the birch she lingers. How elegant she is, how elegant! For such as she the flowers cry. Moss and myrtle and mourning-bride, hop and holly and hyacinth, ash and aster and amaranth, thyme and tulip and trillium, fir and filbert and fleur-de-lis, dock and daisy and daffodil, larch and lilac and lavender, cress and clover and clematis, maize and maple and mignonette, balm and bluebell and buttercup, grass and gentian and goldenrod.

But lovers and songsters and flowers must be forgot by a child of the Cause. She knows not your gracious speeches, gallant youths—they are drowned by the sobs of the suffering. She heeds not your lovely carols, pretty birds—she hears the strains of the Marseillaise. She will not stoop to pick you, gentle plants—upon her bosom is pinned a blood-red carnation. This is her flower. O blooming, bleeding symbol of the S—R, all who inhale your fragrance must die!

* * *

He who attunes his lyre to play the events of the Russian Revolution must hear sad music. Touch one string, and it answers Death; strike another, and it whispers Schlüsselburg; twang another, and it screams Murder; perform upon another, and you hear Torture; handle another, and it gushes out Tears; still another, and it spurts forth Blood.

Never do songs of joy echo from these chords of sorrow. Yet is there one string called exultation, and when its inspiring melody is heard, the sad heart leaps and the ruddy blood dances. This solitary string sings out when tyrants fall—when despots lie low in death.

O, arousing string of Exultation, I invoke you now. I finger you. Play loud—louder—louder yet! For the monstrous Maximoffsky is dead. Half a dozen bullet-holes are in his body. He was shot by the tender maiden. I will say her name; but prepare, O soul! to hear sacred syllables sweet to the ears of liberty—Tolia Ragozinnikova.

Ah, sublime chord of Exultation, blab forth the joyous tale again: the monstrous Maximoffsky is dead! Tell the whole story about him—that in order to torture the politicals, this fiend introduced armed soldiers into the prisons, and that these unsouled beasts in uniforms lost no time in murdering as many males and ravishing as many females as their hot passions desired. Tell them how this brave young emissary of the Northern Flying Section of the Social Revolutionists presented herself at his weekly reception, and, after waiting three hours in his ante-room, was admitted into his private office, where she fired seven shots, six of which were good.

Tell, too, that within her corsage were many pounds of powder—enough to shatter to splinters the station of the secret police; that at one time she could have exploded the projectile, but refrained because innocent people would have perished; that later the chance was gone, for when she tried to reach inside her bodice she was knocked down and held—(How she struggled!) But already the immortal deed had been done. Already she had assassinated a murderer whose numerous victims required a special secretary to mark their names and time of death.

If the dead could awake when their slayer is killed, how many graveyards would have arisen when Maximoffsky fell! He himself died one death, but he caused the deaths of thousands. He fills only one coffin, but he made a hundred undertakers work overtime.

Rapturous chord of Acclamation, in an ecstasy of gladness I kiss you. I pull you so hard because I want your triumphant voice to sound all over the world. Come, let us celebrate the new heroine—Tolia Ragozinnikova. She is Perovskaya's daughter; she is Spiridonova's sister.

Soft—what is that red rope dangling for? See, it falls over a girl's head, spoiling her well-arranged hair. It

descends to her throat, it coils about her neck, it creeps tighter, a jerk—and a young life is choked out.

I must touch you no more, string of Exultation. Be still, I cannot bear to hear you. I curse the dead demon, and I bewail his angel-assassin.

* * *

Onward! Onward! Onward! How the warbling wire is trilling again, arousing my spirit, quickening my blood. Nights like these are not for slumber. I will rise and stir the sleeping embers, and, by the light of the leaping flames, will read some letters which Tolia wrote—Tolia Ragozinnikova, formerly from the Province of Perm, now a citizen in the Country of Comrades.

Here is one addressed to a friend: "My darling little sister! Here in my hands is the blood-red carnation. Do you see it, my dear? How wonderfully good it is! But what can I tell you of my happiness? It is our general happiness. It is near and clear to you as well as to myself. My darling, my dear little sister! High, high I am now, my heart embraces the entire world, I am full of it. The whole world. . . . I love so much. . . . My own sister! You know me well, you know what I feel now. Dear little sister! Blood-red carnation! My entire being is rejoicing, it is laughing joyfully. Let me see your eyes. What do they reflect? Light and joy also! I feel good, endlessly good. At my last moment I will feel all the people around me. My little sister! Are you smiling? Do you see how bright it is? My darling, do you feel how softly, how tenderly I kiss you, how I long to caress you, my own beloved sister? I told you very little, my darling sister, but you feel everything yourself. Have we not one soul? I believe, I believe in you, I know my little sister. Some day, soon, you too will give yourself up to the people. I shake your hands, I kiss you and go from you without turning away my eyes from yours. Look, look at them, my darling! I kiss you all, all! Tell them, tell everyone you meet that they are all near and dear to me. Darling little sister! I feel painfully good. Blood-red carnation! I love the world. I am going to die for the people."

Gently, fire; flames, flicker tenderly, and in a low voice I will read what she wrote to her mother: "My own mamma! Give me your hands, and I will shake them

firmly. Feel your Tolia close to you, right in your heart. Mamma, forgive me all the sufferings I cause you. I love you so much. I always wished you a happy life, and I myself am the first to bring you pain. But you understand that I cannot help it. O my dear one, what a bright light is in my soul! I look back and see nothing to repent of. Let us look into the eyes of each other. We shall read there many things without words. You will learn soon that I exist no more. What will grieve you the most? The death of youth? But mamma, remind yourself of another. What consoled you in his death? Was it not the consciousness that he died without regret? And I . . . I am going away, strong and happy! I wish to die, ardently, passionately. I know that now with my death I shall bring to mankind more happiness than with my life. It is a very great pity I cannot give up more. Tell me, mamma, what more than its life can a human being give up? Remember, there is no girl in the world happier than Tolia is now. Death is very near me, but I do not bother about it at all. I think only of one thing—of the future deed—will I succeed or not? Only on this are my thoughts concentrated. Until the last moment I shall live and love and hate! When I will be there, on the spot where he will fall down, I will feel behind me all the people, and before me—their enemy. My dear one, my own mamma! The fact that Tolia killed a man is probably frightening you. Do only think! Is "he" a man? When you say man, you feel as if something warm and tender comes into your heart; your soul stretches toward him. O no . . . . he is not a man. He is a portion of the apparatus whose object is to destroy the people. And the sooner we stop such parts, the sooner will crumble away the entire machine, or at any rate its motion will be hindered. Mamma, my own! You are a good dear person, so tell me: Can you call "man" one who looks with complete indifference on the sufferings of men, and who gives orders to torment people and to kill them? Tell me now, what is he? I should say he is a beast, and, like other dangerous animals, must be exterminated. And soon I am going to kill him. Do only look in my eyes: don't you see how much light is shining there, how clear and joyful they are? Let us smile. Let us embrace each

other. Forgive your Tolia. She loved you heartily, then she began to love other people, and having loved them, she perished for their sake. Adieu! Endless thanks for everything. For your cares, for your love, for your caresses. Feel your Tolia. I will be with you, and with all the people. With my love I shall embrace the entire world. I shall be everywhere. I will always love mankind, always give up everything I have for it. But now, good-bye. I kiss you, kiss you. My mamma! I send you a lock of my hair. Don't be afraid because the color is different. I dyed it to disguise myself."

Leap higher, flames. I will now read you burning lines—something which a comrade wrote about her, for they who speak of Tolia use words of fire. Says the comrade: "Ragozinnikova was one of those girls on whose shoulders white wings were growing. She went away from us, our dear Tolia, our charming one, joyful till the last moment, our amiable Tolia. With a serene look, with happy laughter she went to die. The nightmare of Russian despotism made this girl—who carried in her heart endless love for mankind—put on her breast a terrible instrument of destruction. With childlike curiosity she examined her waist filled with dynamite, and sang a song full of triumphal faith for the future. It was a sunless day, but she saw the sun because it shone in her eyes with a golden reflection. It began to snow. Tolia was laughing. Three seasons greeted her: what yet remained of the green summer grass, the yellow leaves of autumn, and the first snow of winter. As she walked she scanned with much attention the faces of children, and chose the most crowded streets to see more people. With tender gratitude she spoke of her comrades, and asked to give her love 'to all, all comrades, especially to those who are in prisons and are languishing in exile.' Tolia, splendid and sincere, spoke out, telling how she loved all, all people, and what an immense happiness filled her soul because she was about to sacrifice her life for them. 'Angels are singing in my heart,' she said. 'I feel as if I have big, big wings which carry me higher and higher.' All people seemed to her near, to be her own. She said she wished that in every 'bear's corner' of our native country, every man should feel how she weeps with him when he grieves, how she laughs with him when

he is joyful. 'O,' she cried, 'if my heart were a white, white book, and if in this book were written with golden letters my present feelings, and if all the people could only read it!' We were near our aim. It was time to separate. 'Now, my dear, look once more in my eyes.' I looked. . . . Bright, calm eyes, and she herself . . . . so dear, so near, so close . . . . and so high, high . . . . One day later, the court pronounced judgment—to be hanged. Hearing the sentence of her death, she began to laugh with her usual, ringing, joyful laughter. Only absolute faith in the high sanctity of your cause can give one such moral strength. In this laughter was poured out so much, so much! She went away, burning till the last moment with love for mankind. With a revolver in her hands, with dynamite around her body, she strode to the battle as to a feast. Now she stood upon the scaffold, charming in her contentment, only regretting that she could not give up more than her life for the people."

All this is grand, but O to know that her lovely neck is broken, that her little hands are folded, that her young body has been laid away in a box beneath the earth!

Her devotion is not mine. The faith which dwelt in her, comes not to me. So I must weep, while she—hark, what was that? Strange, that the crackling of logs should sound like girlish laughter.

Burn low, fire. Ashes are on my soul—let there be ashes on my hearth.

But the flaming fire blazed, and the red-hot coals, how the glowed!

And, in spite of the ashes, something within me also burned—fiercely!

VICTOR ROBINSON.

TO-MORROW

By W. C. OWEN.

"In fifty years we shall have whole States as bare as China. We shall be living in crowded concrete houses, and at double the rent we now pay. We shall make vehicles of steel, use no wood on our farms. We shall pay ten cents for a newspaper, fifty cents for a magazine, as much for a lead pencil. Cotton will be immensely higher. Beef will be the privilege of the few. Clothing will cost twice what it costs to-day. Like Chinamen our children will rake the soil for fuel or forage or food. We shall shiver in a cold, and burn in a heat, never before felt in this temperate zone, meant by God as a comfortable growing place for splendid human beings—unless we wake up."—("The Slaughter of the Trees," by Emerson Hough, in *Everybody's.*)

By God, you have stripped us bare, Sirs;
You have flayed us to the bone;
By God, you did not spare, Sirs:
You took, and you call your own,
All the wealth of the forest,
All the glad earth can give;
And to-day we stand, a suppliant band,
Begging for leave to live.

We who breathed the prairie
Gasp in your city hells;
We who strode as freemen
Crouch in your fetid cells;
When the bugle rang and the trumpet called
We were bold to fight; now we stand appalled,
Hungry and gaunt, at the fear of want:
By God, you have stripped us bare.

You have turned all the glory of living
To an infamous, pitiless strife;
The struggle of famished coyotes
That plunder and murder at night;
A war that befouls and degrades us,
A war for a starveling's share,
The morsel that falls to the beggar that crawls;
By God, you have stripped us bare.

We murmur like driven cattle,
We moan o'er our vanished might;
And you ask for smiling faces,
Ask for them as a right;
Give of your heaped-up riches
To the slave that speaks you fair;
But the man who is brave you hound to his grave;
By God, you have stripped us bare.

By God, you have stripped us bare, Sirs,
And, by God, you may well beware;
The lesson you teach may be mastered
Far better than you would care;
For the eyes that were loving and kindly
May change to a cruel stare,
And with murderous frown we may hunt YOU down,
For we know you have stripped us bare.

NOT songs of loyalty alone are these, but songs of insurrection also, for I am the sworn poet of every dauntless rebel the world over, and he going with me leaves peace and routine behind him, and stakes his life to be lost at any moment.

Walt Whitman.

* * *

BY the scaffold lies the path to apotheosis. Grand characters have incriminated traits which engrave them as eternal types in the memory of men.

Ernest Renan, in "The Life of Jesus."

ATTENTION

(Correspondence.)

A FEW comrades in New York have started a movement for the purpose of establishing a colony, perhaps in California, where those who desire to live a country life can maintain a school for their children and other entertaining educational institutions that people usually miss in the country. To make such arrangement possible, it is intended to form a village, each family or member receiving two acres of land as a lot to build their house on and dispose of them otherwise as they see fit, the rest of the land to be exploited cooperatively by those who desire to take part in the cooperation. Others to be free to cultivate only their two acres, or work part of the year in cities, just as they please.

The intention is to realize this project as soon as possible, and hence the members here in New York have agreed to pay ten dollars as an initiation fee and five dollars monthly, in order to have a fund on hand when a suitable location has been found, and the first payment on the land is to be made.

Comrades desirous to join our association are requested to write for details to

A. ISAAK,
1320 Teller Ave., New York.

* * *

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

Receipts.

E. G. lectures at Spokane, Wash	$83.00
E. G. lectures at Butte, Mont	170.00
Subscriptions and renewals	76.50
Total	$329.50

Expenditures.

Deficit as per June account	$10.53
E. G. railroad expenses, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and return to New York	135.00

Hotels and miscellaneous	125.00
Deficit, Helena meeting	55.00
Extra expense incurred through Montana wash-out	175.00
Cost and office expenses, June M. E.	180.00
Total	680.53
Total expended	680.53
Total receipts	329.50
Deficit	$351.03

BOOKS RECEIVED

A LITTLE LAND AND A LIVING. Bolton Hall. Arcadian Press, New York.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE PRIVILEGED. A Reconstructionist, New York.

THE SEX DETERMINATION IN MORMON THEOLOGY. Theodore Schroeder, New York.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECT OF DUE PROCESS OF LAW AND CONSTRUCTIVE CRIMES. Theodore Schroeder, New York.

THE TYRANNY OF LOVE. A. A. Lindsay, M. D., Portland, Ore.

THE VAGABOND. David Diamondstein. (From the Jewish of Edelstadt.) To-Morrow Press, Chicago.